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Kokomo. Daniel loves the In-
diana girl and is determined to
save her from the sharpers even
against her own will. Read and
you will learn how Daniel, with
but a single friend to aid him,
faced a most difficult dilemma
and why he figured so promi-
nently in an international ro-
mance in which heraldry was
more important than hearts and
cupidity far more conspicuous
than Cupid.***CHAPTER I.
"IT'S A GIRL!"****H**IS feet on
the desk of
the office in
the Central
Bank building, the gaunt young man
with the stern features and the kindly
gray eyes that always seemed a per-
petual rebuke to the face in which they
were set, ruminated over the letter he
held in his hand. His back was to the
door—a half glass door which was also
the main and only entrance to the
room and which bore upon its trans-
lucent surface in ragged letters, worn
by the polishing the glass had under-
gone, the words, "Daniel Voorhees
Pike, Attorney at Law."Pike himself had a queer twist of
feature, a sort of whimsicality that
permeated the very atmosphere about
him, and the smile with which he re-
garded the letter he held had a world
of reminiscence and sadness in it.As he gazed at it the letter seemed
to fade into nothingness, and in its
place there rose the picture of a day
years before, a day that caused the
dingy walls of the office to become
tenuous and gauzy, and through the
gauze he seemed to see another office—
a ramshackle sort of place, with a tin
sign showing through the window
which informed the passerby that real
estate was the commodity dispensed
within. To Pike the picture grew yet
more distinct, and in the broken bot-
tom came chair he saw the figure of a
heavy faced man in his shirt sleeves
engaged in smoking a cornucop pipe.In another corner of the room he
could see a red headed boy poring over
a pine table, laboriously copying in a
round hand some title deeds. Then,
through the reaches of the past, he
seemed to hear the heavy faced man
remove the pipe from his mouth and
heard him speak."Dan," he said, "it's a girl!"
And he heard the gasp the boy gave
forth as he turned about on his stool*"Show her to Dan."*and looked with startled eyes into the
kindly blue ones that glimmered into
his own."A girl!" he seemed to hear the boy
say. "A little girl, Mr. Simpson?"
In his fancy he saw the big man
nod, saw him place the pipe back in
his teeth and extend his two palms
until they were a foot or so apart."A girl, Dan," he heard, "bout so
long, Dan, and purtier than all get
out. An' she's goin' to be a big re-
sponsibility, my boy. We'll have to
sell a heap of lots to pay what she's
goin' to cost, Dan—a whole heap of
lots."And gradually the picture seemed to
fade away, and, like a dissolving view,
its place was taken by another—the
picture of a half timbered house that
stood back among some trees at the
corner of Main and Center streets. It
could see the worn steps leading up to
the veranda and himself approaching
half fearfully along the gravel walk
that led in from the rusty gate.On the veranda sat the big man with
the heavy features and the cornucop
pipe, and he heard the voice again bid-
ding him come up. And then there
was a call to some one within, and a
woman emerged with a white bundle
in her arms."Show her to Dan," he heard the
man's voice say, and then, when the
woman had removed a bit of the flannel
covering from the little face and he
had looked upon it, started, dashedand marvelously choking as to the
throat, the big voice went on again:
"She's going to be Ethel, Dan, that
bundle of infancy. And maybe some
of these days she'll be getting herself
in a tight place, and it's going to be up
to you, Dan, to help her out, and
you're going to promise me that you'll
do it, boy. Horace, the other kid, he'll
grow up maybe to have sense, and
he'll look out for himself, but it's a
tough place for girls, Dan—a mighty
tough place."He could almost hear the hushed
voice in which the boy had given the*"SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE YON. ALMERIO ST. AUBYN."*required promise and the awe with
which he heard that the newest atom
of humanity to arrive was already
motherless, and then the picture faded
again. Then came a succession of simi-
lar views.He saw the dingy real estate office
grow into a respectable brick building,
and then into a handsome stone edifice,
and the heavy featured man turn
grayer and grayer and more somber
and more hardworking, and he could
remember the day when the tiny Ethel
was brought to the office for the first
time and of the manner in which she
began to grow up. He recalled the day
when she reached the mature age of
twelve and of how he had presented
to her a Bible for a gift and of the
manner in which he had blushed for
all his twenty-five years.And then he recalled the day when
John Simpson had confided to him
that the "kids" were to be given ad-
vantages and were to be sent abroad
to school. There came a blank after
that, but he recalled as if it had been
but yesterday the feeling with which
he had gone off into a corner and
wrestled with the grief that had beset
him. He could even see the fluttering
hand that waved to him from the car
window as the train took her and her
brother away.Suddenly the door behind him opened
and shut quickly, and quick steps
caused him to drop his feet to the
floor. He turned and found a visitor
at his elbow."Dan," said the newcomer, "it's
all yours. Jenkins just got a telegram
that the K. and G. has decided to offer
you the representation for this end of
the district.""That so?" responded Pike at-
tently."Of course it's so, man," replied the
other, shaking him vigorously by the
shoulder. "Wake up, can't you? It's
worth fifteen thousand a year to you!"
Pike turned quizzical eyes upon his
friend and folded the letter he held in
his hand."Much obliged to you, Tom," he said.
"I guess I'm kind of upset today. Got
a letter here that—jolted me a little.
I'm thinking of going away for a
spell.""Going away?" ejaculated his friend
with wide eyes. "Going away?
Where?"
"I guess I'll take a trip across the
water," replied Pike dreamily. "Al-
ways wanted to see those foreign
parts, those Venices and Romes and
Londons. Must be a queer tribe over
there, Tom. Not much like us plain
folks here, eh? Lots of high and
mighty dukes and earls and things and
coats of arms and crowns and coaches
with white horses, eh?"Tom Perkins sat down in a chair
with a gasp of astonishment. He
stared at his friend with frank amaze-
ment written on his face and opened
his mouth twice before his lips formed
the words"Europe!" he said at last.
"Europe," he replied. "Say, Tom,
you remember Jim Cooley? They sent
him over there, didn't they? Made
him vice consul or something over in
London? I'd maybe get a chance to
see Jim and talk to him about—about
old times."His voice died down, and he regarded
the wall again."Never happened to hear of folks
over there of the name of—of Haw-
castle, did you, Tom?" he went on. "I
don't know what sort of business they
are in, but I guess they're well to do.
Never happened to hear of them, eh?"
Perkins shook his head, and Pike
went on:"Maybe I'll write to Jim Cooley and
ask him about these people. Jim 'd be
likely to know 'em, I guess. Vice con-
sul must be a pretty big bug over
there.""Law case?" asked Perkins suddenly.
"Sort of," answered Pike quietly. "I
don't know that I'd call it just that.
Perhaps the trip would be a change
anyway. And I'd like to see this man
Hawcastle.""Where does this Hawcastle live?"
asked Perkins."England. Got a house he calls
Hawcastle Hall.""What about the K. and G.?" asked
Perkins suddenly."I guess the K. and G. will have to
wait awhile."Perkins stood up resolutely and faced
his friend.**Special Offers**The M. Steinert & Sons Co., desir-
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